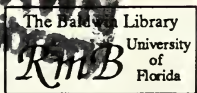




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MY
NATIVE VILLAGE;

OR, THE
RECOLLECTIONS OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION, AND
REVISED BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.

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STEREOTYPED BY
L. JOHNSON, PHILADELPHIA.

MY
NATIVE VILLAGE.

CHAPTER I.

MY NATIVE TOWN, TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

THE town of L—— is one of the most beautiful places in New England. The scenery is uncommonly various, embracing wide-extended plains, hills of every sort, from the gentle slope to the most abrupt and rocky precipices, and valleys of the same endless variety of forms.

When I was a boy, (twenty-five years ago and more,) the inhabitants of these plains and hills and valleys were a small and rather a quiet community. There was but little business done here then, compared with what is done now. It was quite a novelty

then to see a new house built. The same faces were seen at church in their square pews every Sabbath; and if a new family appeared there, it was so unusual a thing that it made a great deal of talk, especially among the curious and gossiping ones. But now every thing is changed. Factories have been built on the busy stream that threads through our valleys; steamboats are seen coming to our wharves every day, and we hear constantly the puffing of the locomotive and the shrill sound of the steam whistle. A large and enterprising population is now scattered over these same hills and valleys and plains, and many of the spots which we occupied as our playgrounds, and which we, with our boyish notions, supposed would always be occupied for that purpose, are now thickly covered with dwellings. Most of the men and women that I used to meet in our streets, and see at church from Sunday to Sunday, twenty-five years ago, are now dead, and other men and women have taken their places. Among the clusters of new houses that have been built since that time, there are more old houses

remaining than there are of the people of that day ; for houses, in this dying world, generally last longer than the people that live in them. My father's house is still standing, and I live in it. He was a physician. He is not living now. Time appears so short when we look back, that it sometimes seems to me only a few days since I was a boy, and saw my father ride away from that side-door, in his gig, to visit his patients ; and now I ride away from that same door for the same purpose.

Here, as well as everywhere else, have been seen and felt the ravages of intemperance ; and here also have arisen the blessings of reform, to make happy many a habitation, once the abode of misery and vice. As I go about from day to day visiting the sick, and call to mind the things that have been, and compare them with the things that are now, I see many dwellings where this blessed change has occurred. And I propose to give my young readers, in this little volume, some sketches and narratives, showing the evils which intemperance once produced in this community, but more especially the great

good which the TEMPERANCE REFORMATION has effected here during the last few years. I do this with the hope that, while you may be interested and entertained, you will be led to abhor, more deeply than you now do, the vice of intemperance, and be prepared to resist its temptations, and to promote with zeal the good cause of temperance, now, in your way as boys and girls, and by and by as men and women.

The TEMPERANCE REFORMATION has made a great change in the community. It is so great that you can have little idea how much drunkenness there was, even so short a time ago as when I was a boy, and trudged to school, as you do now, with my satchel over my shoulder, or rambled over hill and plain in my sports. Let me carry you back to that time of my life,—a little more than twenty-five years ago,—and picture to you as well as I can how things were then—how the men and women, and the boys and girls, too, at that time conducted themselves. You will hardly believe that people could have done so; but I shall tell you only what I know to be true—just what I saw

with my own eyes and heard with my own ears. And I shall explain to you why it was that such customs were practised.

Among the earliest recollections of my childhood is, that my mother, who was a good woman and very kind to the poor, used to send me often to carry provisions to poor families in the neighbourhood. Particularly do I recollect that she sent me on these missions of mercy on Saturday afternoons, before going out to enjoy the sports to which boys are accustomed on that day of the week. And though I sometimes disliked to be detained from my play so long for this cause, it is with great pleasure that I now look back, and recall to mind the joy which I gave to these destitute families, as I opened to them the well-filled basket, and received their blessing, often given with tears, and answered their kind inquiries about my mother and sisters. And here let me say to my young readers, many things you may have done that you will like to forget, but all the *kind* actions you ever do to anybody, to man or woman or child, you will always be glad to remember.

Now what do you think was the reason that these families were so poor? In almost every case the cause was intemperance. The father was a drunkard, and sometimes the sons, following the example set before them, were also drunkards. I remember many of them well. Some of them went down to a drunkard's hopeless grave; some are still living in all their loathsome drunkenness; and some are now singing the songs of the reformed and joining in their noble efforts to reclaim others. I did not dream then that when I became a man, I should see some of these same women, whose sad faces used to brighten as I entered their door, rejoicing over the reformation of their sons, and that I should receive a blessing for the interest that I have taken in the Temperance cause, from the same lips that blessed me for my kindness when I was a boy.

There is one old lady especially interesting to me on this account, and I call to see her often. She is very old now, and is bent over with her infirmities. When I was a boy, her husband, Mr. Crawley, was a rag-

ged, bloated and sore-eyed drunkard, hanging round the dramshop, while his wife was at home doing all that was done for the support of the family. He was a cross, peevish old man, and I used to be very much afraid of him. Though he brought no provisions into the house, and even sometimes spent some of his wife's earnings for rum, he said to me one day, in a gruff voice, as he sat crumpled up in the chimney-corner, "Go home, boy, and tell your mother that I can feed my family myself, and I don't want any of her help." Mrs. Crawley followed me out of the door, and 'told me in a whisper not to mind any thing about what Mr. Crawley said—that it was nothing but talk, and that he would not hurt me. I could not help, however, being a little afraid when I went there; and I was always rejoiced when I found that Mr. Crawley was not at home.

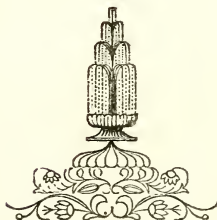
The oldest son, Peter, was then fast becoming a drunkard at the same shop where his father drank. But John, who was about my age, was the comfort and hope of his poor mother. He was always ready to help

her, even when he was a boy. He is now a very respectable man, and lives with his mother in the same old house, which he has fitted up in a neat and comfortable style, very different from what it was when I carried my basket of provisions there so often, twenty-five years ago. Peter became a sot, and would have brought his mother's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave, had not John been such a comfort and support to her. But even Peter, wonderful as it may seem, has lately reformed, and it does me good to hear his old mother pour forth her gratitude for the restoration of this her lost son. I will tell you more about Peter by and by.

I remember all about the death of old Mr. Crawley. He was found dead in a field. I happened to be near his house when he was brought home. It was a great wonder to me that Mrs. Crawley wept so. Everybody else seemed almost to be glad that he was dead; and he had certainly, thought I, been a greater trouble to her than to other people. I very soon, however, hit upon the reason, as children often

may, if they will only think long enough about things that they do not at first understand. It is true, thought I to myself, that she did not love Mr. Crawley as she would if he had been a good man, and kind to her and her children. But then he had lived with her a great many years, and she had loved him once with her whole heart, and he was the father of her children, and she was distressed that one who had been so near to her for so long a time had died so miserably, and was now beyond hope. These thoughts made me cease to wonder that she wept so much over the filthy and dreadful-looking body of her dead husband, who, when alive, was so cruel to her. Since I have been a man I have found that these thoughts, which I had on this subject when a boy, were correct. When I have gone my daily rounds as a physician, I have seen many drunkards' wives, and they have told me the sad tale of their sufferings. And I have generally found, that although their husbands were very cruel—so cruel often that they were afraid that they would kill them—still they have clung to them with wonderful

constancy, indulging the hope that they would, after a while, reform. This hope, when they acted badly and were cruel, would become very faint and almost die; but when they had seasons of doing well, as they sometimes did, it would revive and brighten, and strong affection would return with it.



CHAPTER II.

SOWING THE SEED AND REAPING THE FRUITS.

INTEMPERANCE was to be seen in those days anywhere, among both the rich and the poor, in the splendid mansion, in the neat and comfortable house, and in the hovel. The most wealthy man in all the town, Mr. Elliot, was a drunkard. One day my father was standing with him in front of his beautiful dwelling, looking at the fine prospect that spread out before them. It was one of June's brightest days, and the extensive grounds of Mr. Elliot never looked more luxuriantly than they did then. He had just recovered from a fit of sickness caused by his habits of drinking, and my father thought it was a good time to talk with him faithfully, and warn him of his danger.

"Mr. Elliot," said he, "this place of yours is perfectly enchanting, and every thing

about it is delightful. It seems as if one could hardly help being happy here. And especially with such a lovely family as you have. You have of this world all that heart can wish, and yet, Mr. Elliot, you are not happy. In a home that might be a paradise, you are miserable."

"I know it, I know it," said Mr. Elliot, wringing his hands in agony.

"And you know the cause, too," continued my father. "Now just give up these bad habits of yours, and you can be happy. But if you go on in your present course, very soon—it may be, before a year is gone—you will die, and die the dreadful, hopeless death of the drunkard. It is for you to choose."

There was a pause. Mr. Elliot looked around over the beautiful scene, and saw his children playing in all their glee on the green lawn before them, and then looked upon his house, and there saw his lovely wife standing at a window. My father, feeling that such an appeal under such circumstances could not be in vain, grasped Mr. Elliot's hand, and said, "Speak, my



MY NATIVE VILLAGE



It is of no use Doctor
I will drink. I must

friend, speak the word, and the thing is done." With settled despair in his countenance, he replied, "It is of no use, Doctor; *this appetite is too strong for me.* I MUST, I WILL DRINK."

They parted—my father to weep over the lost happiness and the lost soul of his friend and neighbour; and Mr. Elliot to drink deeper than ever of the intoxicating cup. In about a year from that time he died of that disease of which many drunkards die, called *delirium tremens*. He ran about the house, tortured with fears, and seeing all sorts of dreadful sights, till about an hour before he died. He then lay down, with his clothes all on, and had a convulsion, and after that was perfectly stupid till his death. The face, after death, looked so horribly that no one was permitted to see it. I remember the funeral perfectly well, as if it was only yesterday, although it was quite twenty-five years ago.

The reader no doubt wonders that Mr. Elliot resolved to keep on drinking after what my father said to him. In the remark which he made to my father we see what

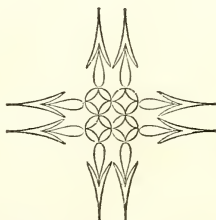
the reason was. It was because *his appetite was so strong*, that he felt as if he could not help yielding to it. No one knows how strong it is, but the drunkard who suffers from its burnings. At times he is willing to sacrifice any thing, and even to run the risk of losing his life to gratify this appetite, which burns in him like a fire that cannot be quenched.

How true is that passage of Scripture, "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright; at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." At the *last!* at the *last!* Not at the *first*, for when men first begin to drink they are full of glee and merriment and song. But when they become miserable drunkards, and this appetite has grown strong in them, then "at the last" it indeed "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

When this appetite for strong drink first begins, it is weak, and is easy to be overcome. But gradually growing with the growth, and strengthening with the strength,

it becomes so hard as scarcely to be conquered. Nobody ever became a drunkard in a short time. It takes years to form that burning appetite, which torments the confirmed drunkard. This is natural. You see things like it every day. You see a little bud starting out from the stock of a tree. You can break it off with the nail of your finger, and it is destroyed. But let that bud be, and it will grow and grow, till it becomes a heavy and strong branch, that you can fasten your swing upon, and not break it. The little acorn that you kick about, and can crush with your foot, if it be allowed to take root, and remain there, will grow in time to be a mighty oak. The little stream, on which you build your tiny water wheels, and which you can dam up with mud, you find, as you follow it along, grows larger and larger; and if it is only long enough, it at length becomes a noble river, that bears steamboats and ships on its bosom. Now I should just as soon expect to see a bud become a heavy branch, or an acorn become an oak, in a day, or see a little stream widen out into a great river all

at once, as to see any man become a drunkard when he first begins to drink. No, the drunkard has *grown* to be what you see he is. He sowed the seed when he began to drink, and small seed it was. By constant indulgence that seed sprang up and grew ; and now it is so great and strong, and so firmly fastened, that it seems almost impossible to tear it up by the roots ; and yet this is the only way to get rid of it. How much better is it to destroy the seed in the beginning, or if it take root to pull it up at once, *and best of all, never to sow it !*



CHAPTER III.

CUSTOMS TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago those seeds of drunkenness, that were mentioned in the last chapter, were sown by almost everybody: for there was then scarcely any one that did not drink intoxicating liquor. It was the custom to drink on all occasions, and the wisest and best thought it was right to do so. People drank when they were fatigued, to refresh them; when they were weak, to make them strong; when they were cold, to make them warm; and when they were hot, to make them cool. People thought then that they could not be glad and merry without intoxicating drinks to make them so, and they therefore drank freely at social parties and weddings. But what appears more strange to us in these days is, that they drank at funerals. Ministers drank at their

meetings, and at ordinations there was always a good supply of various liquors. The merchant invited his customers to drink, especially when they had purchased some of his goods. The bottle and the jug were to be found in every mechanic's shop, and in every farmer's field.

I remember well the sideboard of those days, well filled at one end with wine, brandy, &c. When visitors came in they were invited to drink. It was common before tea to send round some very large figured tumblers filled with sweetened spirit and water well seasoned with nutmeg, and all drank, both gentlemen and ladies. I remember that we children were very fond of the sugar in the bottom of the glass; and often we got something more than what was in the bottom. Wine and brandy were very commonly on the dinner-table. It would have been considered very uncivil to one's friends not to have them there. We used to think that we were doing a very smart and pretty thing, and were almost men and women, when we could drink a friend's health, as it was called; and our parents looked as if they

thought so too. Children are fond of seeming to be like their elders.

The fourth of July was a great drinking day both with the young and the old. After an oration in the church, which everybody went to hear, there was a dinner. There they had speeches and toasts. When a toast was read, they all drank; and as there were a number of them, one had to be careful to drink but a very little each time, or he would get completely intoxicated. And, what will appear wonderful to you, if a gentleman did happen to drink enough to be silly, people did not think much about it. I remember now several of the most respectable gentlemen in town that I saw very much excited, and almost staggering after a fourth of July dinner, and yet it did not disgrace them. It was very common for them to throw wine-glasses about the table; and sometimes they would mount up on to the table, to make silly speeches for the silly company to laugh at.

The boys, of course, imitated the men. We had our dinner. We had something to drink, too. Our parents were afraid to

trust us, and so cautioned us over and over again not to drink too much, and prescribed the quantity of liquor that we might mix up. I recollect perfectly well how we used to look, on such occasions, sitting around a table made of rough boards, in Squire Larned's chaise-house. We did not dream then that any of us could ever become drunkards. But four of our number did become so. Two of them died from their intemperance; and the other two, Frederick Janeway and James North, are now among our reformed men. I shall have more to tell you about them in another part of my book.

At one time there was a mistake made about the quantity of spirit. More was prepared than our parents intended. We all drank enough to excite us very much, and some were beastly drunk, and were carried home in this state. That old chaise-house was for a while like Bedlam, for drunken boys of course act like drunken men. This led some of our parents to think that it was not right for boys to be allowed to drink liquor at all. If they had

thought that it was as bad for men as for boys, they would have thought right. But they did not. Everybody thought it was right to drink, *if they did not drink too much*. What *was* too much was a question that people differed about. Sometimes they differed very much; for there was not an old toper in the whole town that would allow that he drank too much. I recollect hearing our good minister once talking with old Joe Bennet about drinking. After he had talked some time, Joe, who had kept silence, at length, with an air of triumph, replied, "Well, Mr. Grant, I 'gree with you 'xactly. It *is* wrong to drink too much. But I don't drink too much any more than you. I do jest as you do. I take it when I think I need it; and that's a good rule, I think, for both of us." How much better would it have been if Mr. Grant could have said then, as he says to drunkards now, *I don't drink any at all*.

When everybody drank intoxicating drinks, it is no wonder that there were a great many drunkards, and many more than

there are now, when so few are in the habit of drinking. I remember but two real total-abstinence men in the whole town, twenty-five years ago. One of these was a reformed drunkard, (Mr. Maynard,) and he was the only drunkard in the place that had been known to reform. His reformation was considered a miracle—an exception to the general rule, which was supposed to be established beyond dispute, that drunkards could not be reformed. You will be surprised to find, as I proceed in my sketches, that this rule was not found to be erroneous till a very short time ago.

The other tetotaler was old father Johnson, as we used to call him. He was a very aged man. He lived in an old house, with two large elm trees before it. Under one of these, which he planted with his own hands when a boy, he used to take his seat on a bench which he had made between the fence and the tree, on summer evenings after tea, to chat with any one that chanced to pass by. Though he was poor, he was respected for his goodness and his

wisdom ; and he was a favourite with everybody. I remember his silver locks, his clear, blue eye, his calm and graceful manner, and the sweet tones of his voice, as he talked with the passers by. He was the first man that I ever heard talk of total abstinence as the only real preventive and cure of intemperance. For many years Mr. Maynard and father Johnson stood alone as the advocates of this doctrine ; but they both lived to see it adopted by all the wise and good in the community, and to rejoice in the great benefits which have everywhere resulted from it. Mr. Maynard is still living, and though he is old and infirm, he does what he can to aid the Washingtonians in reclaiming their fellow-men.

I shall never forget what father Johnson once said to me, as a noisy, drunken man went by, covered with filth and rags. "If you want to be *sure*, my little boy," said he, "of never being like that poor man, never taste a drop of spirit of any kind. I knew him once a bright-eyed,

clean, happy boy, like you. He did not think then that he should ever become a drunkard, any more than you think now that you shall. He drank a little when he was a boy, and more when he was a young man, and then more and more, till you see what it has brought him to. *If he had never drank that little*, you see he would have been *sure* that he never should be a drunkard. Now I want *you* to be sure."

This appeared so clear to me, that if there had been then such a pledge as we sign now, I should have signed it. And for a long time I wondered that my father or anybody else drank spirits at all; and they used to wonder that I refused (as I did for some time after this) to drink out of the figured tumblers, when they were passed around. My scruples, however, did not last a great while; for I could not think that everybody was so much out of the right path as father Johnson's notions would make them to be. I told my good father, one day, what the old gentleman said to me. His only reply was, that that was going too far;

and that if people would not drink too much, there would be no drunkards. If older and wiser heads were satisfied with this way of disposing of the subject, it is no wonder that a mere boy like me should be satisfied also.



CHAPTER IV.

EARLY TEMPERANCE EFFORTS AND THE
OLD PLEDGE.

I OUGHT to tell you that a great deal was said in those times about the evils of intemperance. Good men lamented over these evils, and inquired, with sincerity, what could be done to get rid of them. Societies were formed in different parts of the country, to collect facts and to publish them. The earliest thing that I can remember of these efforts, is a file of Dr. Rush's tracts on Intemperance, that I saw, when I was quite a small boy, in my father's office. He distributed them far and wide; and at the same time he drank spirits as everybody else did. He was sincere in this, although it looks rather inconsistent to us. Good men then supposed that the way to stop intemperance was, to warn people against

drinking too much, and to restrain and punish those that did. And it was only now and then that one could be found, who had the right of the matter, as father Johnson had. But there were wise and good men who even then maintained the doctrine of total abstinence as the only remedy for the evils of intemperance ; and two or three of the earliest and most powerful advocates of that doctrine are still living to witness its wonderful triumphs.

The measures which were actually adopted, however, did but very little in checking drunkenness. Intemperance was so prevalent, that our whole people seemed to be fast becoming a nation of drunkards ; and no one knows to what we should have come if we had gone on. But these measures did some good. They aroused people to think how great the evils of intemperance were, and waked up a strong desire in many to find out some way to remove them. The way was thus prepared for that great measure, THE PLEDGE, that was adopted in 1826 by the American Temperance Society. This society was formed by a number of

gentlemen who met in Boston for that purpose.

Societies were soon formed, one after another, in all parts of the country. Lecturers were sent out everywhere; and one of the subjects that everybody talked about was the temperance pledge. I remember the first lecture that was delivered in this town. I was then a young man. The day before there was a small brown house burned down in the middle of the day, not far from my father's house. Old Joe Bennet was burned up in it; and his bones were found in the ashes. He had drank till he was insensible. The fire, it was supposed, fell down and rolled out upon the floor, and the whole inside of the house was in flames before the blaze appeared outside. This sad occurrence seemed to give great interest to the temperance meeting.

There were only a few, however, at first, that signed the pledge: for the old notion about moderate drinking had been so long the prevalent doctrine, that it was hard to give it up. Still, one after another was induced to sign. Mr. Maynard and father

Johnson were among the first; and they both remarked that it was right so far as it went, but that they wanted a pledge that would cut off every thing intoxicating, and predicted that by and by we should have such a pledge—a prediction which has turned out to be true.

The subject was discussed in every circle; and though many good men contended at first that it was “going too far,” the signers of the pledge constantly increased. My father was a man that was slow to make up his mind; but when it was made up, it was firm as a rock. He doubted at first about this new doctrine; but at length he was brought to believe in it, and then no one was more zealous and persevering in the good cause than he. I mention these things to show you how mistaken even good people were on this subject, and how difficult it was to make them give up the false doctrine of moderate drinking.

It was step by step that the Temperance Society advanced. The custom of drinking on all occasions became less and less prevalent. Facts were collected, showing that it

was intemperance, for the most part, that filled up our alms-houses and prisons ; and that this vice caused more evil and misery than any other vice—perhaps more than all other vices together. The traffic in ardent spirits had always been considered a proper and respectable business, and many good men were engaged in it. But now it was declared to be immoral, unjust and cruel ; and good men were fast abandoning it. But as a great deal of money could be made by the business, men were found willing to keep on in it, seeming not to care for the misery which they saw they were producing, nor for the cries and tears of those whom they were making widows and orphans.

To show you the guilt and cruelty of this traffic, I will relate to you, in the next chapter, some facts which I knew in regard to one man who was engaged in it.



CHAPTER V.

THE TWO POISONERS.

AMONG those who clung to the wretched business of rum-selling, in spite of all that was said and seen and known about it, was a Mr. Ransom. He was a shrewd, active, black-eyed little man, and he did considerable business in that little yellow shop of his. Up and down on his window-shutters there used to be a list of the principal articles that he sold. These were on the inside of the shutters, so that when they were opened, you could read on them, "Flour, Butter, Molasses, Ginger, Rum, Brandy, Gin, Wine, &c." When the temperance society was formed, Rum, Brandy, Gin and Wine disappeared from the shutters; but they were still in the shop. He was ashamed of the business; but he had no idea of leaving it off.

Mr. Ransom was very sociable with every-

body. He was what is called a plausible man; and I have often heard it said, that nobody was ever known to go into his shop without buying something of him, whether they wanted it, or not. His great object was to make money, and he succeeded.

Among his customers were two farmers, who were brothers—George and Joseph Jones. George had become very wealthy, and owned one of the best farms in the neighbourhood. He was a good man, and everybody esteemed and loved him. Joseph, who lived near by, was quite a different man—cross and wicked, and everybody disliked him. He had lost almost all of his property by bad management and from intemperance, and this made his temper still worse.

Mr. George Jones had two children—a son and a daughter. His son was killed by being thrown from a wagon when the horse was running at full speed; and the same year he lost his wife by fever, and his daughter by consumption. A short time after the death of his daughter he was taken sick himself. My father was called

in to see him. He told him that he had a slight attack of fever, which would probably last only a few days, and left some powders for him. His brother Joseph acted as his nurse. The next day Mr. Jones was suddenly taken much worse, and my father was sent for in great haste. He found him in great agony, which continued till he died. My father thought it was a strange case, and remarked that Mr. Jones appeared very much like one that had been poisoned. Still, no one suspected any thing like poisoning; and Mr. Jones was buried by the side of his wife and children. The funeral was attended by a large concourse of people: for everybody liked Mr. Jones, and they felt great sorrow that so excellent a family had all gone down to the grave within so short a space of time—a little more than a year.

Mr. Jones left no will, and all his property passed into the hands of his brother Joseph, who was by law the only heir. Suspicions were soon whispered about; and the fact that Mr. Joseph Jones bought some arsenic the very day that his brother became

so suddenly worse, increased these suspicions. One thing after another came out; and soon the excitement became so great that the body was taken up, and arsenic was found in the stomach. Mr. Joseph Jones was therefore apprehended, and was tried for the murder of his own brother.

The trial lasted several days. I was in the court-house when the jury came in with their verdict. I shall never forget the solemnity of that scene. As the jury passed through the crowd, how solemn was every look and motion! How silent and almost breathless was the attention of all; and how anxiously did the prisoner look at the jury when they were asked by the clerk, "Have you agreed upon a verdict?" And when the foreman pronounced that verdict, GUILTY, what agony was in the countenance of Mr. Jones, as he sank down upon his seat. In about a month afterwards he was executed.

His widow and her son Henry now inherited all the property. They soon moved from their poor and uncomfortable home to the neat and pleasant farm-house, so lately occupied by their uncle George. Henry

was a bright and enterprising young man, and rather popular in the neighbourhood. He took charge of the farm, and was soon married. Every thing now went on smoothly for years, and they seemed to be a happy family. But the work of destruction had already begun there, though it was as yet unseen. Henry Jones was a customer at Mr. Ransom's shop, and was gradually acquiring the same habits that his father had. His poor mother, after a while, saw it, and warned him of his danger. He laughed at her fears, and went on drinking. She entreated him again and again, and his wife did also, but in vain.

At length his mother died. Her last words were, "O Henry, do, do stop drinking." Strange as it may seem, this had no effect on him. He was urged on by the tortures of that appetite which, as we have seen, "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

His wife now went to Mr. Ransom, and besought him with tears to refuse to sell her husband any more liquor. One would suppose that such an appeal could not

be without effect. But Mr. Ransom very coolly told her, that he was very sorry that her husband drank too much; but that it would be of no use for him to refuse him liquor, for the only effect of that would be "to make him go somewhere else to do his trading." The truth was, that at that very time Mr. Ransom had a mortgage on the farm, and was fast getting the property of Henry Jones into his hands. And he knew that if Henry stopped drinking, he would pay off the mortgage, and so escape from his clutches. Mr. Ransom determined not to lose such a customer, and so the cruel monster went on to destroy his victim. Henry Jones became worse and worse as he drank more and more at Ransom's; and Ransom got a stronger and still stronger hold on his property. At length he obtained full possession of it, and the family were obliged to leave the farm, and go into a small and miserable house near by. Henry Jones soon died of *delirium tremens*, and his wife was left destitute, with three children to take care of.

Now, I think it is just as clear that the

rum seller, Mr. Rawson, poisoned Henry Jones, as it is that Mr. Joseph Jones poisoned his brother George. Alcohol is a poison, and it caused in this case a dreadful disease, which ended in death. I know that it took a longer time to do it, while the arsenic produced death very soon ; but what difference does this make in the eye of Him to whom a thousand years are as one day, and one day as a thousand years ?

Which of these two poisoners was the most guilty, Mr. Ransom, or Mr. Joseph Jones ? Mr. Jones was cut off by the sword of justice, and Mr. Ransom was left to go at large, just as if he had not poisoned anybody. This shows what the world thought of the two cases ; but the world, you will often find as you grow older, does not always think right.

Mr. Joseph Jones poisoned his brother in order to get possession of his property. Mr. Ransom poisoned Mr. Henry Jones for the same purpose. In this respect the two poisoners are equal.

Mr. Ransom did not kill his victim at once, as Mr. Joseph Jones did. It would

have been better if he had. The suffering which Mr. George Jones endured from the arsenic, severe as it was, lasted but a few *hours*. It was almost nothing, when compared with the sufferings which Henry Jones endured during all the *years* of his drunkenness. And then you must remember, that all the time that Mr. Ransom was poisoning him in this slow way, Henry Jones was a great torment to his wife and children.

Both poisoners saw what they were doing. Mr. Jones looked at his deadly work but a very short time. He gave the poison in a single dose, and the deed was done. But Mr. Ransom saw what he was doing to that young man *day after day, and month after month, and year after year*. And he went right on, giving him dose after dose of the poison, till at last he saw him die, and die an agonizing death. He had time to see the sufferings he was inflicting upon poor Henry; but he did not relent. Even when the wife of his victim begged him to stop poisoning her husband, he persisted in his cruel course. There is no doubt that he *knew* what he was doing. Mr. Ransom

was not acting ignorantly, as many rum-sellers had done. For it was long after the temperance reformation began that Henry Jones died. Mr. Ransom had been urged to desist, and the friends and relatives of drunkards had entreated him to stop selling rum. He resisted it all with a heart of stone.

Mr. Joseph Jones poisoned nothing but the *body* of his brother with the arsenic. But Mr. Ransom poisoned not only the body of his victim, but his *soul*, which is to live for ever. Alcohol is a poison that corrupts the soul and fills it with all manner of sin. And it is for this reason that the Bible says that drunkards "shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

One of the poisoners has been brought to the bar of his fellow-men, and has been condemned and punished. The other has fared better. But both must be brought to the bar of God at last, and there have their final trial. This Mr. Ransom cannot escape. Men may not punish him for his evil deeds, but God will, unless he repents before he dies.

In conclusion, I remark that we need not wonder that God pronounces such a wo upon the business of the rumseller. “Wo unto him that giveth his neighbour drink, that putteth the bottle to him, and maketh him drunken.”



CHAPTER VI.

THE OLD PLEDGE AND THE NEW ONE.

THE pledge which was adopted in 1826 we *now* call the old pledge. It had the right principle in it—total abstinence. But it applied this principle only to *distilled* spirits, such as rum, brandy, gin, &c. Those who signed it continued to drink *fermented* liquors, such as wine, cider and ale. The idea which most of the friends of temperance had about it was, that there was a great difference between distilled liquors and those which are fermented; and that if people would drink nothing but fermented liquors, there would be very little, if any, drunkenness. Although this was a wrong idea, the old pledge did a great deal of good, for several reasons, which I wish my readers to look at and understand.

In the first place, distilled liquors caused more intemperance than fermented liquors.

Most drunkards became intoxicated on rum and brandy, instead of wine and cider. So that, though the old pledge did not cut off *all* the sources of drunkenness, as our new pledge does, it cut off the *worst* of them. These different liquors were like so many different fountains, that poured out their poisonous streams over the community. The rum and brandy fountains sent out much larger streams than the wine and cider fountains. Well, it was a great thing to shut up these large fountains, even if the small ones were left open. And this the old pledge did.

In the second place, though the old pledge allowed the drinking of wine and cider and ale, not near so much of these was drank as before this pledge was circulated. For example, I remember it was the custom at my father's house to pass round wine in the evening when visitors came in; but after we signed the old pledge this custom was very soon given up.

In the third place, the old pledge prepared the way for the new one. People saw the good effects of leaving off their

brandy and rum and gin; and many very soon began to inquire whether it would not be best to leave off their wine and cider also. They began to think that wine and cider were more like brandy and rum than they had supposed—that they were something more than distant relatives—that they were

“Sisters all, and all deceive.”

Some were ready in a very little time to sign the “*Tetotal Pledge*,” as it was called. But they were so few in number that they did not at first form themselves into a society. They kept talking about it, however, and soon it was discussed in the temperance papers. It took years to make the great body of temperance men believe that the tetotal pledge was the proper pledge. But at last this was done, and the old pledge was thrown aside and the new one was adopted. Some of the strongest friends of temperance we now have were very slow to give up their wine and cider; and it is interesting to see in what way some of them were persuaded to give them up. I will relate here a fact that was told to me by a friend of mine, a physician, about himself.

He said that once he had a barrel of cider that he wished to sell. A man, whom he did not know, came and bought it. A day or two after, a neighbour was telling the doctor about a drunkard in another part of the town, who had abused his family dreadfully, and had come near killing his wife. The doctor said to him, "He had been to Green's grog-shop, I suppose."

"No," said he; "he bought a barrel of cider of some one; and he has been drunk ever since, and acts like a perfect hyena."

The doctor found that this was the very barrel of cider that he sold! This opened his eyes, and he signed the tetotal pledge. The incident occurred several years ago, and I suppose the doctor would now sooner cut his arm off than sell cider.

There was one very sad event which had a great influence among us. A drunkard one evening, in a fit of rage, seized an axe and killed his wife and her little child who was sitting in her lap! He was intoxicated with cider when he did it. This event induced a great many to sign the new pledge, who had been before doubtful about it.

When the new pledge became extensively adopted, the cause of temperance, which had been almost at a stand while the discussion was going on about this pledge, now advanced steadily. The number of moderate drinkers constantly lessened. There still, however, was one great defect, and it was this: The friends of temperance did not expect that drunkards could be reformed, and scarcely any efforts were made to reclaim them. It is true that now and then one was reformed; but it was so seldom that it seemed a very strange thing. Mr. Maynard was, as yet, almost the only reformed drunkard in the whole town.



CHAPTER VII.

THE RETURN OF THE WANDERER.

Now let me carry my readers forward a few years, and relate to them some very interesting events that occurred in this town. These events changed the whole aspect of the temperance reformation here, as similar events have done in vast numbers of the towns and villages throughout our land. At the time to which I refer, the friends of temperance were doing but little compared with what they had done. They had talked and done the same things over and over again, till they were almost tired of them. They seemed to be waiting for something *new* to turn up.

Just at dusk one evening, in the spring of 1841, a well-dressed stranger met me, as I was returning from visiting a patient, and inquired for the house of Mrs. Janeway

I say a stranger, for I did not know him ; and yet this man was Frederick Janeway, one of the playmates and schoolmates of my boyhood, with whom I had so often ran up and down these streets. A sad career had he gone through since those happy days, when we studied and played and rambled together. He was a favourite in our school. I remember now just how he looked with his light sleek hair, bright blue eyes and fair complexion—"a noble little fellow," as all the neighbours called him. O, if anybody had told me then that this loved boy was to be a ragged, filthy drunkard ; that his hair was to be matted together and filled with vermin ; that those bright eyes were to be sore and reddened with drunkenness ; that his beautiful face was to be bloated and covered with blotches ; and that mouth, which used to delight all his playmates with its silver sounds, was to utter curses in return for kindness and love, I would not have believed that it could be so. And yet it was so. And so it may be with the fairest and pleasantest boy in the country. If he should give himself up to

drinking, he might become a demon in human shape, as did Frederick Janeway.

I will not stop to give you the history of Frederick in full. He became a drunkard, as all drunkards do, by degrees. He was a clerk in a store in New York when he acquired his bad habits. It was the company of drinking and theatre-going young men that ruined him. His friends tried in every way to reclaim him; and many were the prayers that were offered up for him by his good father and mother. After a while he became a sailor, and his friends heard no more of him, but that he left the ship in which he went out, in some foreign port, and was supposed to have been killed in a drunken affray.

His father died some years ago; but his mother and his brother and sisters were still living. The meeting with them was very affecting. As he came to the house he saw that it looked very much as it did twelve years before, when he left that happy home to be an unhappy wanderer. There was the same tall elm under which he had played so often with his brother and sisters; and

there was that cherry-tree which he had set out with his own hands, now grown to a large size. There was that same south window that looks out upon the garden, at which he had sat so many summer evenings with his favourite sister, before he learned to wander in the paths of vice ; and there, too, was that arbour, where he had so often picked with her the rich clusters of grapes that hung from the vine that twined itself over it. He had a glimpse of the placid countenance of his mother, as she shut the front door. He passed by. His feelings were so strong that he could not go in then and make himself known to his mother. He must give utterance to them in tears before he could do that. He went on a little way ; and, as no one was near, he gave full vent to his emotions. He burst into tears, and ejaculated, "Thank God, thank God, that he has permitted me to live to see this day—to return, like the prodigal, to my home."

He then brushed away his tears, and opened the gate and went, with trembling steps, up that familiar walk on which he

had ran so joyfully so many, many times in his childhood. He knocked at the door. It was opened by his mother. "Mrs. Jane-way," said he, "I suppose."

"Yes, sir," said she, with the same indifference that she would greet any stranger. "Will you walk in, sir?"

He could repress his feelings no longer. "My mother," said he; "my mother, don't you know me? Don't you know your Frederick?"

"It cannot be!" she exclaimed; and in a moment sprang forward and looked eagerly into his face, and cried out, "It is—O, it is my son!" The rest will be better imagined than described.

There was joy in that family that night—joy as if the dead had been raised to life. For Frederick had been for years, as I have told you, supposed to be dead. And it was indeed a resurrection—a resurrection from the death of intemperance. In how many senses is the drunkard dead! Dead to his friends and to the world; dead to all sense of shame; dead to all affection for parent, or wife, or brother, or sister, or

child ; dead to all hope in this world, or the world to come ; dead in corruption, and covered with all the loathsomeness of death. Such had been Frederick Janeway ; but now he had risen from this death. Mrs. Janeway's cup of joy was full when she learned from her son's own lips that he had become not only a reformed man, but, as he humbly hoped, a Christian.



CHAPTER VIII.

THE HOSTLER TURNED LAWYER.

THE next day I went to see my old school-mate. After giving me the history of his reformation, Janeway said to me, "Is it not wonderful, George? I have been plucked as a brand from the burning. The grace of God has done it. I often wonder why I have not died as other drunkards have. I have but just escaped death several times, and I feel that God has spared my life for some good purpose—something more than merely to save *me* alone. I have been saved, and I wish to see other poor drunkards saved also. You do not know how I feel, George: for you never have been a drunkard. I burn with desire for the salvation of those who are now such slaves to their cups as I have been. I want to go to work this very day, and do what I can to reclaim them."

“Well,” said I, “I am ready to work with you.”

“That is right,” said he, grasping my hand. “Where shall we begin? Are there any of our old schoolmates, that used to drink, alive now?—John Grant, or James North, or Caleb Marsh?”

“Poor Grant and Marsh are both dead; but there is James North—he is alive.”

“What is he doing?”

“He is an hostler, at Joe Brown’s,” said I.

“An hostler!” exclaimed Janeway. “An hostler! What a lawyer he was, George. How he would talk to the jury. How eloquent he was. And now he is an hostler! eh? And that, too, in that filthy, wretched Joe Brown’s stable!”

“Yes. He is one of the most desperate drunkards we have. I am afraid that he is past all hope.”

“Do not despair of any drunkard,” said he. “If you had witnessed the scenes that I have lately seen in Baltimore, you would think that almost anybody might be reformed.”

We went immediately to see North. We

found him ragged and filthy, cleaning out Mr. Brown's stable. He seemed very glad to see his old schoolmate, Janeway ; and we chatted together about the days of our boyhood. He had been so long neglected and treated as if he were a lost man, that he was pleased that we came to see him, and that we were disposed to be so familiar with him. At length said Janeway, " Well, James, you and I have gone through some changes since we saw each other last." And he went on to tell him all about his drunken career, and his many hairbreadth escapes, and then about his reformation. " Now," said he, " James, I know just how you feel, for I have felt so myself. You want to stop drinking ; but you think that it is of no use for you to try. I felt so once ; but I *have* stopped, and so can you. Come, now, I want to do with you just as we do in Baltimore. If you will sign the pledge, James, I will dress you up, and take you home with me, and you shall stay with me till you can find something to do. Why, we will have you practising law again in less than a fortnight."

“Poh! Janeway, you are jesting,” said North.

“No, I am not, James. I have seen such things done before.” And he told him about several lawyers and doctors that had become sots and vagabonds; but who were now reformed, and had gone back to their business again. North was very much interested in these statements; but Janeway could not get him to sign the pledge. He was not discouraged, however. He was not weary in well doing. He went to see North again and again, and at length he succeeded. And he was as good as his word. In less than an hour, after James North signed the pledge, Janeway transformed the ragged and dirty hostler into a well-dressed gentleman. He very soon got him a place as a clerk in a store; and now James North is practising law with great success; and so far he is as respectable and sober a man as there is in L——.

These two cases of reformation excited a good deal of interest. You might often see little groups of persons in our streets, listening earnestly to the narrative that Janeway

was giving them of the reformation in Baltimore. He told them how a drunkard and his companions signed a pledge in a grog-shop, and then went out and persuaded other drunkards to sign; and thus began the Washingtonian Reformation, as it is called. Many wondered at this new and strange thing; and the rum-sellers sneered, and said that these reformers would soon get to drinking again; but the friends of temperance rejoiced in this new movement, and were ready to labour afresh to promote the good cause. No one was more rejoiced than Mr. Maynard, who, as I said before, had for so many years been almost the only reformed drunkard in the whole town.



CHAPTER IX.

PETER CRAWLEY AND HIS FAITHFUL DOG
BOWSER.

JANEWAY and North, and their old friend Mr. Maynard, went to work in good earnest, to persuade other drunkards to give up their cups. They soon succeeded with several. Among them was Peter Crawley, son of the man whose dead body (as I before related) I saw brought home twenty-five years ago. Peter was one of Mr. Ransom's regular customers, as his father was before him. He still lived with his good mother and his brother John. Though he was a great trouble to them, they did not cast him off, but were kind to him through all the long years of his drunkenness. Sometimes John would get out of patience with him, and threaten to turn him out of the house ; but his good mother clung to him with all a mother's

fondness, and never, in the darkest hour, gave up all hope of his restoration.

The way in which his reformation was brought about was rather singular. He had a dog named Bowser, to which he was very much attached; and the dog loved him in return. Bowser followed Peter everywhere, and, though he was often abused in his master's drunken fits, he never deserted him.

One night Peter had drank a good deal at Ransom's shop, and quite late, after every body was in bed, he started for home with his usual companion, Bowser. It was very dark and rainy. Mr. Ransom knew that it was dangerous for any one in his state to attempt to go home alone on such a night. After he had got Peter drunk, he ought certainly either to have made him stay there, or taken a lantern and led him safely home. But rum-sellers commonly have little pity for their poor customers. Even their tender mercies are cruel.

Peter had not gone far, when, getting a little off the road, he fell down from a high offset among some stones, and then rolled down to the very edge of the water. Here

he caught hold of a small tree, which kept him from falling in and being drowned. He held on to the tree by one hand only, for his left arm he found he was not able to use. There he lay and groaned, unable to move. Bowser went round to a spot where he could get down to his master, and came up to him and moaned and howled most piteously. Though Peter was intoxicated, he was sensible of his desolate and distressing condition ; and the affection which Bowser showed him melted his heart. Though I am a filthy drunkard, thought he, and people despise me, my poor dog loves me !

Bowser continued to howl, and every once in a while he would lick Peter's cheek, then run away to a little distance and bark with all his might, and then come back again. Ransom heard the barking of the dog, and knew that it was Bowser. He thought that Peter might have got into trouble, but did not go to see whether it was so, though it was but a short distance. His heart was a stranger to mercy, and his hand to merciful deeds. He put his money into his little trunk and walked home from his

shop, the barking of the dog still ringing in his ears.

The dog continued to bark, and every time he ran from his master he went farther and farther off. At last he saw some one coming with a lantern. It proved to be Mr. Russell, who lived near there—a man ever ready for every good deed. When Bowser came up to him, he turned and ran along towards the place where his master was lying, constantly looking behind and whining; thus telling Mr. Russell, as well as a dog could, that there was trouble, and that he wanted him to follow. He did follow the dog down to the place where Peter lay. He drew him up to a spot where he would not be in danger of falling into the water. He then obtained help, and carried Peter to his own house. I was sent for. I found his arm broken, and he was dreadfully bruised in other places. The next day we took him home to his mother's house.

Mr. Ransom, who had put into that little trunk so many hundreds of dollars of Peter's and his father's earnings, did not come to see Peter; but Janeway and North not only

MY

WALKING

AGE



"at length Mr. Russell came with
a lantern."

came to see him, but helped to take care of him. He was delirious for several days. Faithful Bowser was by his bed-side during the day, and at night he slept in the corner of the room. You could not get him to sleep anywhere else. When Peter's delirium was gone, his good friends Janeway and North persuaded him to sign the pledge. As soon as he had written his name, his mother clasped her hands and said, "Blessed be God, my prayers are answered. Give God the praise, my son. He spared your life the other night when you fell, and it was for this. Give Him the praise, and devote yourself to Him, and then you will keep that pledge."

Peter cried like a child. They were tears of penitence and gratitude and joy mingled together. From that time he was a different man.

Bowser, the faithful brute that saved his master's life, when the rumseller, worse than a brute, cared not for him, still follows Peter Crawley; and he really seems to have changed, as well as his master. The sorrowful look that he used to have is gone,

and Bowser is now as cheerful and bright a looking dog as any that wags his tail along our streets. He always loved his master ; but now he seems to be proud of him, too ; and though he used to be tolerably clean for a drunkard's dog, he is now cleaner than ever. Everybody in L—— knows Bowser, and everybody has heard about his saving his master's life. The boys call him the Tetotal Dog. Bowser is one of the most respectable characters of his class among us, and he has done as much for temperance as almost anybody. He saved the life of a man, who has been ever since a faithful labourer in the temperance cause. There is many a man that never did half as much good as Bowser.



CHAPTER X.

THE BLACKSMITH AND HIS FAMILY.

So many drunkards had now reformed, that there was a general interest waked up throughout the town in the temperance cause. Children were interested as well as older people, and they came together, and formed their "Cold Water Army." They had some very pleasant meetings. Some of the boys spoke some pieces which they had learned about temperance; and they all united, both boys and girls, in singing some little songs which, I presume, many of my readers have learned and sung.

It was now thought best to have a temperance meeting, at which the reformed men should tell their story. At this meeting, which was a very crowded one, after Janeway and others had spoken, old Mr. Maynard made a most tender appeal to the drunkards who were in the house, and

begged them to come up to the desk and sign the pledge. To the astonishment of all, James Simonds, the blacksmith, one of the oldest drunkards in town, was among the first that walked up to the desk. His wife, when she saw him sign the pledge, seemed hardly to know what she was about. She cried and she laughed, and she jumped up and sat down I do not know how many times. It was so unexpected to her, that she could hardly believe her own eyes.

James Simonds had a shop near my father's, when I was a boy. He was a very industrious and respectable young man. From morning to night you could hear the sound of his hammer. His shop was the best looking blacksmith's shop in town; and his house, which was just opposite, was one of the prettiest places you could see anywhere. His wife was a woman of good taste as well as great excellence of character. She liked to have things look neat and inviting within and about her house, and yet she was not extravagant. Everybody that went by looked at her garden and front yard, to admire the little contrivances by

which her ingenious taste had adorned them. She always had a pleasant word to say to me when I passed by; and I remember now just how she used to look, as I saw her twenty-five years ago or more, on a summer evening, twining a vine over an arch, or training some bush up at the side of the house. Everybody thought that James Simonds had a prize in his wife, except some envious ones who called her extravagant and proud, because by her industry and tact she made her house look more pleasant than their own.

James Simonds could tell a story well, and could sing a song at any time, and sometimes he composed his own songs. I often used to hear him as I was passing by singing merrily as he was about his work. He had considerable wit and was a very agreeable companion. He was very popular, therefore, among the young men, and a party or an excursion was considered by his companions to be very deficient, if he was not there to enliven and amuse the company. Well, as I have told you, everybody drank spirits then. James thought,

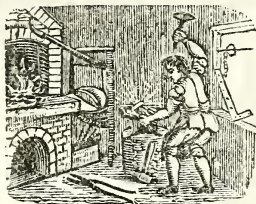
like every body else, that there was no danger of his being a drunkard. But he did gradually become one. Every thing went on well for some years ; but after a while he was less fond of spending his evenings at home with his wife, and sometimes he came home very late. His shop began to look less tidy and more out of order, and the sound of his hammer was not heard so early nor so constantly. He went on getting worse and worse till at last he was a miserable sot. His shop now looked badly enough. The sign, which had wanted painting for some time, had fallen down, and was set up against one end of the shop. The door hung upon one hinge ; his tools, which used to be in their places, were lying about among scraps of iron and old horse-shoes ; and his bellows had become rickety and were covered with patches. Very often he had no coal ; and sometimes he would get drunk in the midst of a job, and be unable to finish it. Yet some people continued to employ him : for he was always good-natured, and when he was sober he was an excellent workman.

All his earnings he spent at the dram-shop. His wife now led a very hard life. She had five children to take care of, and only two of them were old enough to assist her at all. She managed, by dint of hard work, to support her family and give her children a good education. She was very particular to send her children, well-dressed and in good season, to the Sabbath-school, and they at length became teachers in the school. She was never known to murmur through all the long years of her husband's drunkenness: for she put her trust in God, and prayed with faith every day for her husband's reformation. She always kept her house neat and in good order, though it did not look so well as it did in the days of their prosperity. The house had become very rusty, and she could not get the means to paint it, unless she kept her two oldest daughters at home from the academy, and took the money that she intended to pay for their tuition to do it with. But this she did not think it proper to do: for she felt that it was more important to cultivate their minds and prepare them for usefulness, than

it was to adorn her house. Her garden and little front yard she had to neglect, too : for she had not the time that she once had to take care of them.

At last the blessed day of her husband's reformation came. A happy wife was Jane Simonds again the night that her husband signed the pledge. She felt now that her prayers had not been in vain, and that the joy of that moment, when she saw him writing his name under that pledge, amply paid her for all the labours and anxieties she had gone through in all the long years of her husband's intemperance.

The next day the door of Simonds' shop, which had long swung so awkwardly on one hinge, was made to swing on two. He gathered up the scraps of rusty iron and old horse-shoes into heaps by themselves, and put all his tools into their places. Before a fortnight was past, a new pair of bellows had taken the place of the old patched ones. The old sign had long since been cut up for firewood. A new one soon appeared over his shop-door with



**JAMES SIMONDS,
BLACKSMITH.**

on it, and on one end the painter had put on a horse-shoe and some other figures. And now the clang of his hammer was to be heard all the day long, accompanied again by his merry song, just as it used to be when I was a boy, twenty-five years ago.

THE SONG OF THE BLACKSMITH.

I'm a temperance man—I'm a temperance man—

How happy, how happy am I!

I've banished the bottle, the poisonous can,

That was shortening my life to half of its span.

Redeemed, to my labour I hie.

I hammer away,

At the dawn of the day:

For the pledge has driven my sorrows away—

How happy, how happy am I!

My bellows are tight now—my forge good as new—

How happy, how happy am I!

I'm able to weld—I'm ready to shoe;

All sorts of good work am I willing to do,

As again the anvil I try.

I hammer away,

At the dawn of the day:

For the pledge has driven my sorrows away—

How happy, how happy am I!

Complete are my tools now—I've iron in store—

How happy, how happy am I.

My fire's not half the time out, as before;

My hours of riot and revel are o'er;

I pass the vile groggery by.

I hammer away,

At the dawn of the day:

For the pledge has driven my sorrows away—

How happy, how happy am I!

My shop and my house are both neat as a pin—

How happy, how happy am I!

I've cash in my pocket, I've coal in my bin,

And a right hearty shake for a friend who comes in.

And I laugh when the sheriff is nigh.

I hammer away,

At the dawn of the day:

For the pledge has driven my sorrows away—

How happy, how happy am I!

My wife is so glad as our sunny days glide !

How happy, how happy am I !

She joins in my songs as we sit, walk, or ride,

And our little ones now are our treasure and pride—

Hope beams in each bright laughing eye !

So I hammer away,

By night and by day:

For the pledge has driven my sorrows away—

How happy, how happy am I !

Mr. Simond's house is now painted again, and his wife, with the aid of her daughters, is making that front yard and garden look as prettily as they ever did. Her oldest daughter, Jane, was for a long time a teacher in a Sunday-school, and after a while was married to a man of great excellence of character and some distinction in the world ; and she adorns her station as the daughter of such a mother should. The second daughter, Mary, took her place in the same school, and she is now the wife of a clergyman, and is doing a great deal of good among the people of his charge. Her two other daughters are still at home cheering their good mother by their affection and their exemplary conduct ; and her son promises to be one of the most useful men in L——.

How well does that description, which we find in the Bible, of the “virtuous woman,” apply to her.

“Strength and honour are her clothing ; and she shall rejoice in time to come.

“She openeth her mouth with wisdom ; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

“She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

“Her children rise up and call her blessed ; her husband also and he praiseth her.

“Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.

“Favour is deceitful and beauty is vain : but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.

“Give her of the fruit of her hands ; and let her own works praise her in the gates.”



CHAPTER XI.

LUCY GREY AND HER PET PIGEON.

ONE day my little boy said to me, "What is the reason, father, that Mr. Sanford broke his pledge? Why did not he stick to it as his neighbour Mr. Grey does?"

"An interesting question, my son," said I, "and I will try to answer it. You know, George, that before they stopped drinking Sanford and Grey were both very bad men. They were profane, and they hated every thing good, and paid no sort of regard to the Sabbath, and even spent some of the day very often at the dram-shop, or the tavern. They seemed to be very much alike in these respects. But since they have signed the pledge they have been different from each other. Mr. Grey at once reformed in other things besides his drinking. He stopped swearing, and went to church every Sunday, and seemed determined to be a

better man in all things. But Sanford never has left off swearing, and never has been to church, and if he could get any thing to say against pious people and ministers, he was glad to say it. It is no wonder that he broke the pledge. He had not the right spirit in him to enable him to keep it. If he had hated the sin of intemperance as he ought, he would have hated all other vices. But he did not ; and so he has returned to his drunkenness as “the dog is turned to his own vomit again ; and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire.”

My answer satisfied my little boy, and I hope it will satisfy my readers. And now I will tell you more about Mr. Grey.

Mr. Grey was once a merchant in L——. He was a man that read and thought a great deal. He was regarded by everybody as a knowing man, and therefore he had considerable influence as a citizen. He was not a man, however, of strict moral principle, but was governed more by the maxims of the world than by the precepts of the Bible. And as the habit of drinking grew upon him he became gradually more and more

irreligious and wicked. He at length failed in business, and then in a very short time he became an habitual drunkard. He was now one of the worst men in the community: for he had not only the disposition to do evil, but he knew how to do it. He cavilled about religion and every thing that is good, among his companions in the dram-shop, and his remarks were quoted by all the drunkards and wicked men in town.

Mr. Grey had but one child, a daughter; and though he was so wicked a man, he loved her most passionately. Drunkenness is apt to destroy all natural affection, so that the drunkard does not love parent or wife or child. But Mr. Grey, though he seemed to care nothing for his wife, had a strong affection for his daughter. He appeared to be bound to her by a sort of charm, and she was the only one that had any influence over him.

Lucy Grey had a very kind and faithful Sabbath-school teacher, who visited her often. Her visits were sometimes made very disagreeable to her by the harsh and wicked remarks of Mr. Grey; and he once

told her that she should never enter his house again, and that Lucy should go to Sunday-school no more. Lucy cried; for she loved her teacher and loved to go to the Sunday-school; but she always wished to obey her parents. As soon as her teacher was gone, her father said to her, "Poh, poh, Lucy, stop your crying. You may go to Sunday-school as much as you have a mind to."

She continued to go, and her teacher visited her as she always had done. Many were the prayers that Lucy and her teacher offered up that her father might become a good man. There indeed seemed to be little reason to hope; but they ceased not to pray.

One day Mr. Grey, in one of his good-natured fits, brought home a beautiful, white, tame pigeon, and gave it to Lucy. Lucy became very fond of her little pet, and took great pleasure in the care of it. Lilly (for that was the name she gave it) soon became so fond of Lucy that it would follow her about, and light upon her shoulder, and eat out of her hand. Her father, too, amused

himself a great deal, when he was at home, with Lilly's curious and cunning actions.

Mr. Grey's habits all the time became worse, till his appetite was like a fire that cannot be quenched. At one time, when he was shut up at home by lameness, he begged his wife and Lucy to get him some spirit. "I must have it," said the poor trembling man with tears in his eyes; "I MUST HAVE IT or I shall die. Do, do get it for me."

It was shortly after this that Lilly disappeared, and no one seemed to know where she had gone. Lucy cried piteously for the loss of her Lilly, who she supposed had been stolen by some wicked boy. For several days there were no tidings of the bird. But at length James Carroll, one of her schoolmates and head of the Cold Water Army, found that a Mr. Carey, a rum-seller, had it. James was a courageous and generous lad. He walked directly into Mr. Carey's shop, and found him and a couple of drunkards out in a shed playing with the little pigeon. Its feathers were in a sad plight; and they had tied a string

round one leg, which had so galled it that Lilly hopped about on the other foot alone. James very soon struck a bargain with Mr. Carey, and carried the pigeon home to Lucy.

Great was her joy at seeing poor Lilly again, and Lilly seemed rejoiced too. It flapped its wings and stretched out its head the moment it saw its little mistress. Lucy clasped it in her hands and put it to her cheek, and patted it, and stroked down its rumpled feathers. She cried for joy, and she cried for pity—for joy, that she could take her Lilly into her possession again; and for pity, that it had been treated so cruelly, just as everybody is treated that falls into a rum-seller's power.

"Where did you find it, James?" she asked.

"At Mr. Carey's," said he.

"It was that wild Johnny Carey, then, that stole it, was it not?"

"No," said he, lowering his voice. "Your father sold it to Mr. Carey for rum."

Lucy cried more bitterly now than she ever did before. She was distressed beyond measure that her father could be so cruel.

James tried to comfort her, but he could not. Just at this moment Mr. Grey came in. He was much startled when he saw the pigeon. He was as much distressed as Lucy, but for very different reasons. He thought in an instant of the time when he sold that pigeon, as he had sold many other things before, to gratify his burning appetite ; and the memory of that base and wicked act sent a pang of remorse through his bosom. “How could you do so father?” said Lucy. “How could you be so cruel to me and to Lilly?”

He said not a word ; but he went directly through the room into the bed-room adjoining, and threw himself upon his bed and wept like a child. Yes, this old and hardened sinner, whose eyes had been strangers to tears for so long a period, now wept, and, what is more, he prayed ! I will not attempt to tell you all that he thought and felt. Jane-way had just been talking with him about signing the pledge, and his feelings were tender. And now the sight of the poor bird, that he had been so base as to sell for rum, completely melted him. He saw how

vile he was, and what had made him so vile. He saw what a slave he had been to his appetite. He had felt somewhat so before a thousand times; but there was no hope kindled up in his bosom then—the slavery that he suffered he thought could not be avoided. But now, what he had seen of the reformation of others, and what Janeway had told him, made him hope that, degraded and vile as he was, he might reform too. He prayed to God that he would help him do it—and He did help him.

That night there was a temperance meeting in the neighbourhood, and Janeway was delighted to see Mr. Grey walk up and sign the pledge; and he, who had so long been a drunkard and scoffer and Sabbath-breaker, has been now, for more than a year, a sober man and a Christian, as we trust. He is now a teacher in the same Sunday-school where Lucy has been so long a scholar. May God give him grace and strength to persevere; for without such aid he may be again drawn into the power of the tempter.

Lucy Grey has as happy a face as I meet with anywhere. Her pigeon is still alive,

and it hops about on both feet now. Her father, very soon after he signed the pledge, built a very nice pigeon-house for it, in place of the old rough one, which he made in the shiftless days of his drunkenness. When James Carroll brought Lilly home Mr. Grey wished she was dead: for the sight of the bird produced painful thoughts in his bosom. But now he looks on her with delight: for Lilly brings to his mind the pleasing recollections of the day of his redemption from intemperance. I have often seen a tear trickle down his cheek as he watched Lucy playing with her pet, but it was a tear of joy and gratitude and love.

And here I must tell you of another case of reformation, in which a child had a good deal of influence. A little girl, coming home from school, ran up to her father, and as he took her upon his knee, she said, "Father, they say old James Warren has signed, and they are all as happy as can be. I saw Libby Warren to-day, and she said it was so. Now why can not you sign, father, and stop drinking? If you would, we should be so happy, father!"

This proved the turning point with Mr. Stillman. He had been thinking much on the subject, and had been talked with about it; but no one could persuade him to sign the pledge; and now this simple appeal of his little daughter was effectual. He put the child down, and went out of doors, and there resolved to sign the pledge. The next day he saw Mr. Simonds, the blacksmith, passing, and called to him: "I am going to sign the pledge," said he, "neighbour Simonds. I believe that I can be a man as well as others."

"Yes," replied Mr. Simonds, "you can, friend Stillman—you can." And he went on to speak kind words of encouragement to him.

"Have you a pledge in your pocket?" asked Mr. Stillman.

"No," said Mr. Simonds; "but we can find one at Mr. Bradley's."

They went over to Mr. Bradley's at once, and Mr. Stillman signed the pledge, very much to the surprise and the joy of Mr. Bradley's family, who had so long known

their neighbour only as a shiftless, troublesome drunkard.

“Well,” said Mr. Simonds, “I am not going any longer without a pledge in my pocket.”

“Nor I, either,” said Mr. Stillman.

Mr. Bradley supplied each of them with a little blank book containing the pledge, which they have carried ever since. They have obtained many signers, and among them are some who once were drunkards.

Mr. Stillman went home from Mr. Bradley's a happy man, to make his little girl and all his family happy, too. And the next time Mary Stillman met her little friend, Libby Warren, she cried out to her, “*Father has signed, father has signed!*” as if her heart would leap from her young bosom, for joy.



CHAPTER XII.

THE THREE SCHOOL-MATES, AFTERWARDS
NEIGHBOURS.

THE temperance cause was now making rapid progress. The reformed men, Jane-way, North, Simonds, &c., were all busily at work, and almost all the community cheered them on and assisted them in their efforts to reclaim their fellow-men. Some of those who were engaged in the traffic of ardent spirits, were persuaded to give up the business.

There were some men, however, who were willing still to cling to it, though they could not but see that by so doing they were directly opposing the temperance reformation. They loved money so well, that they turned a deaf ear to the cries and groans of those who suffered from their business, and to the appeals of the reformed men, who spoke so boldly and plainly of the

iniquity of rum-selling. Among these was Mr. James Farley.

Mr. Farley had been a rum-selling grocer for many years, and had acquired a large property by the business. He knew perfectly well that he was scattering misery, disease and death over the community as he sent out his barrels and hogsheads of "liquid fire" to consume his fellow-men. He pretended to despise the dram-sellers; but they were no more guilty than he was. Though he did not sell directly to drunkards himself, he supplied *many* dram-sellers with the poison, and he knew that they sold it to drunkards. He was a "poisoner-general," as Wesley, in his time, called the wholesale dealer in spirits; the dram-sellers, who acted as his agents, were little poisoners, when compared with him.

Mr. Farley sometimes felt guilty, and had half a mind to give up the business. But the temptation of money overcame him. He had a great desire for wealth, and for the honour which wealth brings in this foolish and wicked world. He thought nothing of laying up treasure in heaven. His trea-

sure was all, all on the earth, and his heart was here also. It is true he went to church every Sunday; but it was only because it was respectable to do so. He was a very polite man, and no one bowed more graciously to those whom he met than did Mr. Farley. But he did it to gain the favour of his fellow-men, and not because he had a kind heart. He had a cruel one—else he would not have continued in such a cruel business.

One of the dram-sellers, who bought rum of Mr. Farley, was “Jim Galt.” He was called “Jim Galt,” and not Mr. James Galt, because he was one of the despised dram-sellers, and not one of the wealthy and honourable wholesale dealers like Mr. James Farley. So much for the difference, in the eyes of the world, between selling by the dram and by the hogshead.

Among Jim Galt’s customers was poor John Foster. He was once a thriving mechanic, but had become a thriftless drunkard. His family consisted of his wife and six children. They lived in a miserable old house near by Mr. Farley’s splendid man-

sion. John Foster and his wife were, in their childhood, schoolmates of James Farley, and the three were quite intimate. They rambled and played together as you do now with your schoolmates. James Farley was very fond of Betsy Case, (for that was Mrs. Foster's name when a child,) and this fondness continued till riper years. But if Betsy had so chosen, she might have been the wife of the wealthy rum-seller and the mistress of his mansion, instead of being the wife of the poor drunkard, the victim of that rum-seller's business, and the drudge that worked and suffered and wept in his miserable hovel. But she loved John Foster, and married him instead of his rival James Farley. Both were then considered very promising young men. James had just opened a grocery store, and John Foster was an industrious carpenter. A happy pair, thought everybody, were John Foster and Betsy Case, and so they continued to be for many years. No one dreamed that he would ever become a drunkard. But he did at length become one, and it was with the rum which was sold by James Farley! And

now that happy and prosperous family were made destitute and wretched, and grew more and more so every day.

One cold, stormy winter's night Mr. Farley was sitting as usual in his cushioned chair before a cheerful fire, with all the comforts and luxuries of wealth around him. He had rolled out of his store that very day many barrels and hogsheads of "liquid fire." He was thinking, not about the effects of the poison he had sold, for that is a subject that the rum-seller does not like to think of; but about the money he had made in selling it. As he sat there Mrs. Foster appeared before him. She was by no means a welcome visiter: for as he knew that Foster bought rum mostly of one of his customers, he felt guilty and ashamed in her presence. Here stood before him one whom he once ardently loved, now made a poor, suffering woman, by his cruel business; and he could not help feeling a little uncomfortable.

"Well, Betsy," said he, turning his head a little on one side to look at her, but not deigning to ask her to sit down: "what do you want to-night?"

“I came to ask your advice as a neighbour, Mr. Farley. My husband has just had another dreadful time of drinking, and I do not know what to do.” And she went on to tell one of those tales of woe, which have often been told by broken-hearted women wherever rum has been sold as Mr. Farley sold it.

“Well, Betsy,” said he, after hearing her story, “I do not know what you can do better than to have him sent to the work-house.”

“That has been tried,” said she, “and it did no good. When he came out he was worse than when he went in.”

“Cannot the Washingtonians do any thing with your husband?” asked he, sitting very uneasily in his chair.

“Jim Galt and his crew,” said she, “have more influence with him than they have. The Washingtonians got him to sign the pledge once; but these vile men tempted him to drink, and it was all over with him. If these dram-shops, Mr. Farley, could be shut up, I believe my poor husband could be reformed.”

Humph, thought he, if they *should* be shut up, it would spoil my business, that is clear. And so many a wholesale rum-seller has thought, without saying so.

“These groggeries *are* bad places, it is true,” said he; “but they *will* sell, and people must learn not to buy and drink—that is all.”

“But cannot these dram-sellers be prevented from selling rum, just as the lottery dealers have been prevented from selling lottery-tickets, and gamblers from keeping gambling-houses? Though I am but a plain woman, this, it seems to me, Mr. Farley, is the best thing that can be done. And if the wives of drunkards could have their way, it would be done.”

“A little too fast, a little too fast, Betsy. You must take things as they are,” replied the cold-hearted rum-seller. “You had better have your husband sent to the work-house—that is the best way. If you will step into the kitchen now, Betsy, Mrs. Farley will give you some cold bits for yourself and your children.” Mr. Farley soon yawned, and put himself into an attitude as

MY NATIVE VILLAGE.



"Just step into the kitchen
and Mrs. Farley will give
you some cold bits!"

if he would sleep. The disconsolate woman, seeing plainly that he wished her to retire, did so, and received the cold bits from the hand of the rum-seller's wife. "Cold bits!" cold charity indeed! And this is all that the hard-hearted rum-seller can give of comfort, or aid to one whom his business has ruined! Her home was once a happy home. The rum-seller has spoiled it of its plenty and peace and joy, and sent there poverty and wo. And now he offers her nothing but "cold bits" to carry to that home, for herself and her disgraced and starving children!

She went to her cheerless home—such a home as many a drunkard's family inhabits. A few flickering embers lay upon the hearth—all the wood she had was there. Her children had fallen asleep, and she threw herself on the bed to await her husband's return. She offered up, as she very often did, a prayer for his safety and for his reformation. She cast all her cares on Him who, she knew, cared for her, though the purse-proud rum-seller did not. Composed by this renewal of her trust in God, she

fell asleep, and dreamed the pleasing dream of her husband's reformation, which has since, through the efforts of the Washingtonians, proved a reality.

The rum-seller also fell asleep in his cushioned chair before his comfortable fire, and dreamed.* It was not, however, like the happy dream of the poor, despised woman—it was a painful, horrid dream. He saw spread out before him his ill-gotten gains—deeds, certificates of stock, notes, &c. On all these, as he took them up, one after another, were written tales of woe of every sort, showing the effects of the rum he had sold. “*Look them over,*” said a voice, which made him tremble from head to foot: “*Look them over! There you will find murders, suicides, deaths by delirium tremens, apoplexy, convulsions, &c.—multitudes of cases of insanity and crime and poverty and misery—all the consequences of that business by which you have heaped up your wealth. Read—read—till your eyes*

* The author has abridged and modified what was published from his pen some time since, as “The Rum-seller’s Vision.”

are dim, and there will be more to read yet." And he did read, and read, and read, and it seemed as if there was no end to the fruits of his wicked business. Every now and then he would try to turn his eyes away from this heart-sickening record. But the moment he did so, that same voice would say, '*Read! read on!*'" and his sight was rivetted as by a spell. He read on and on, till his eyes were tortured with pain, and grew stiff within their sockets, and the sense was almost gone. "*Your earthly eyes,"* said the voice, "*cannot read all. But when time with you shall be no longer, and eternity shall begin, unless you have repented, you will read these results through never-ending ages."*

"It is nothing but a dream," said he, as he awoke and wiped the reeking drops from his brow; and all recollection of it was soon drowned in thoughts of his wealth and respectability; and the next day found him in his counting-room—the same cruel, money-loving rum-seller as ever.

Though Mr. John Farley continued to sell rum, John Foster did not continue to

drink it. Soon after the visit of his wife to Mr. Farley, he was fully reformed, and happiness was restored to that home which had so long been the abode of miserable and pinching poverty. A change was produced there, which everybody saw. John Foster, the ragged and idle drunkard, now clean and well dressed, might be seen every morning going to his work instead of the shop of Jim Galt; and at night he went home early to spend the evening with his family, instead of leaving them alone to expect with fear and dread his late return. The care-worn face of his wife had now become cheerful, and her dress and that of her children showed that thrift had returned to them, with all the other blessed effects of her husband's reformation. The house, too, inside and out, exhibited the same change. No hats or old clothes stopped up the broken windows—there were none broken now, for Mr. Foster had mended them, remarking to his wife as he did it, "A pane of glass, Betsy, costs no more than a glass of grog, and certainly keeps us warmer." The yard

was no longer littered over with sticks of wood, and pieces of board and brush. The gate now swung on hinges, which it had not done for many a year. And all the leisure time that Mr. Foster had, he spent in fixing up the old house, which now looked quite neat and comfortable.

Mr. Farley saw all this as well as everybody else. He saw in this family, close to his own door, from day to day, the good fruits of temperance, as he had seen in the same family for so many years the cruel fruits of drunkenness. And yet he went on to supply Jim Galt and a host of other dram-sellers with poison, to make their neighbours intemperate, and thus scatter the woes of drunkenness through many families, that might be as happy as John Foster's now was, if the husbands and fathers of them did not drink Mr. Farley's rum.

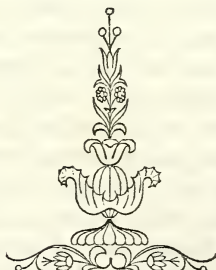
A few months ago Mr. Farley was taken sick and died. His mind was evidently distressed in his last hours with the memory of his wicked life, and with fears as to what would be his condition after death. He

saw the folly of heaping up so much wealth, now that he was called to part with it, and go naked into another world, as he came into this. "Fool, fool!" muttered he, "I have rolled in wealth; but now I leave it all behind. I have had all my good things in this life. *I die penniless*—." His mind wandered, and he kept saying, "penniless, penniless, penniless," even when he could speak only in a hoarse whisper, till he died. And it is to be feared this rich man is now tormented with real visions of the woe of which the dream he had, horrible as it was, was but a faint representation.

It is but a few days since I stood by the death-bed of Mrs. Foster. She faded away slowly by consumption. "How happy," said she to her husband, "how happy I am that God has permitted me to live to see you a sober man and a Christian. O, John, hold on, hold on to the end."

She died in the triumphs of faith. She did not look back, as did Mr. Farley, on earthly riches which she must now leave; nor did she feel, like him, that she was

going empty out of this world. She was “rich in faith ;” and she talked in her dying moments, with her bright eye raised to heaven, of “the unsearchable riches of Christ,” and of the treasures she had laid up in heaven—riches and treasures which she hoped to enjoy for ever.



CHAPTER XIII.

EXAMPLE AND INFLUENCE.

THE rum-seller, as we have seen in Mr. Farley's case, is afraid to look at the consequences of his business, and he tries in every way to keep them out of sight. It is for this reason he never reads a temperance paper, nor goes to hear lectures on the subject. But the fruits of his doings he *must* look at in another world, and be judged by them. Even in this life they do often trouble his peace, and sometimes come near to him—even into the very bosom of his family. In selling poison to others, he sometimes poisons some of his own household. Mr. Ransom's oldest son is a sot, and he gives his father a vast deal of trouble ; and one of Mr. Farley's sons early became a drunkard, and with his drunkenness plunged into all sorts of vice. His father

warned and entreated him to reform ; but what good could it all do so long as he himself continued to sell liquor, and thereby gave his highest approval to the drinking of it.

Mr. Lawrence, who was for a long time a rum-seller in this town, has an excellent wife, who, for many years, besought her husband to give up his business. She often spoke to him of the misery that he introduced into families, and asked him how he should like to have his family treated in this way. But it was of no avail, for he was making money rapidly by his rum-selling, and the temptation to keep on was too strong for him. At length a girl came to live in the family, who had formerly been in the habit of drinking, though she had not drank any for some time. One day Mrs. Lawrence went out to make some calls, and left this girl to take care of her little infant. When she returned she found the girl and child both lying insensible at the foot of the stairs. The girl knew that Mr. Lawrence sold spirit, and she had seen him go to a closet and drink some himself. It was not strange,

therefore, that she should feel that she might drink some, too, with such an example before her. When she first went to the closet she drank but little, and that little waked up the old appetite, and she went again and drank very freely. She was now so much intoxicated, that she fell down stairs with the child in her arms. The child's head struck something in the fall and stunned it.

Mrs. Lawrence caught up her child and attempted to rouse it, but she could not. She cried out, "My child is killed—my darling child is killed!" She opened the door and called out to a neighbour who was passing. I was sent for immediately, and attended upon the child. For many days it was doubtful whether it would recover. They were days of agony to those parents, especially to the father, who saw here in his own family, in his own beloved child, the fruits, the cruel fruits of his business. He determined to follow it no longer; and a short time after he and all his family signed the pledge. The child recovered. If it had died, can we think its father could ever

have been happy? Would he not always have thought that the poison, of which he had sold so much, was the means of killing the child? O, if any rum-seller could realize but a small part of the wretchedness and suffering that he sends into so many families, would he not be absolutely frightened out of his business!

The case that I have just related reminds me of an event that occurred here some time ago. One night we were aroused by the cry of fire. It proved to be the beautiful and costly house of our wine-drinking neighbour, Mr. Gaines, that had taken fire. They had had a large party that evening, at which a good deal of wine was drank. One of the servants thought that it was as proper for him to drink wine as it was for Mr. Gaines and his guests. He did drink, and, like some of the company, drank so much as to be intoxicated. When he went to bed he was careless with his candle, and set the house on fire. He barely escaped with his life; but the house, with nearly all its splendid furniture, was burned to the ground. We see, that this servant followed

a bad example when he drank ; and if Mr. Gaines had not set him this example, he would not have lost his house.

Many a drunkard has been kept from reforming by the influence of example. While the appetite burns within him, it prompts him to take hold of any excuse that he can find for indulging in it. If those that he respects sometimes drink wine or other spirits, he makes their example an excuse for his intemperance. Some time ago, when the first efforts were made for the reformation of drunkards, Janeway and North tried in every way to induce Henry Raymond to sign the pledge ; but they could not. It was an interesting case. He was the only son of his mother, and she a widow. The family were wealthy, and Henry had always had as much money as he pleased ; and though he was a very amiable young man, he had now become a miserable drunkard. One day Mrs. Raymond met Janeway, and said to him, “ Is it not strange that you cannot get Henry to sign the pledge ? ”

“ No,” said he, “ I do not think it at all strange.”

“Why, a great deal has been said to him about it,” replied the fond mother. “I have talked with him and so have you ; but it does no good. He gets intoxicated just as often as he ever did. What is the reason that he cannot be reformed as well as others? Can you tell me, Mr. Janeway?”

“Certainly I can ; and if you will not be offended, I will tell you plainly. It is because you have wine on your table and at your parties. If you will give up your wine, and sign the pledge, you and your daughters, I think we can get Henry to sign too. Till you do that, it is of no use for us to try to reform him.”

Mrs. Raymond invited Janeway to bring the pledge to her house that evening. He did so, and the family signed it ; and then it was quite easy to get Henry to sign it also. And now Henry Raymond, redeemed by the example of his mother and sisters, is striving in every way to persuade others to follow in turn the example, which he now sets before them, and he has succeeded with many. His mother, therefore, may rejoice that, by signing the pledge herself, she has

not only been the means of reforming her son, but of making him the instrument of the reformation of others.

No one knows how much good may arise from his signing the pledge. Mr. Barnes, one of the most respectable men in L——, used to drink his wine, and was very indifferent to the subject of temperance. He happened, one day, to get into conversation with one of the worst drunkards in town. After talking with him some time, he said to him, "If you will sign the pledge, Mr. Harris, I will." He had, however, no idea that Mr. Harris would do it.

"Do, father," said Mr. Harris's son, who stood by, "do, father."

"Not to-day," said he.

"Now, father," said his son, "you can do it just as well to-day as at any other time. I will go right over to Mr. Bradley's and get the pledge now." And he went, and never was a pledge brought sooner than that was. While his boy was gone, Mr. Harris said but little to Mr. Barnes, for he was thinking about the pledge, and making up his mind to sign it.

“Humph!” said Mr. Harris, as his son came in, “I guess people will laugh to think old Harris has signed; and I know they will say that such a toper never will keep it. But I will try it.”

Mr. Barnes now hesitated, and said, “Mr. Harris, had not we better think about it a little longer before we sign—say to-morrow?”

“No,” said Mr. Harris, “I am of my boy’s mind. I can do it just as well to-day as any time—perhaps better, for I am just in a humour for it now.”

“Good! good! father,” said his son, with as bright a pair of eyes and as glad a face as I ever saw.

“Well,” said Mr. Barnes, “I will do it. Sign away, Mr. Harris.”

So Mr. Harris, the poor, ragged drunkard, signed the pledge in company with Mr. Barnes, the wealthy and genteel wine-drinker; and both have since laboured together most zealously and successfully for the reformation of others. When they began to talk together, neither of them had any idea of signing the pledge; but they

influenced each other. If the wine-drinker, Mr. Barnes, had not proposed that they should sign it, perhaps Mr. Harris would never have been reformed; and if the drunkard had not accepted the proposal, perhaps Mr. Barnes would never have enlisted in the good cause of temperance.

When Mr. Harris went home he took down the old family Bible, and turned to the record of births and marriages and deaths. There he found written, "John Harris, born June 7th, 1781." He wrote right against this, "Began to live, Aug. 9th, 1841,"—the date of his signing the pledge. "For," said he, "this day I do truly *begin* to live."



CHAPTER XIV.

FOURTH OF JULY AND THANKSGIVING-DAY.

THE Fourth of July, which used to be so great a day for drinking, was so delightfully celebrated here last year, that I must tell my readers a little about it.

On the morning of that day everybody seemed to be moving, and our streets were filled with happy groups of men and women and children, dressed in their best. At length a procession was formed, and a gay and beautiful sight it was, as they marched along with all their banners. The children were the most interesting part of the procession. They were led on by the captain of the Cold Water Army, James Carroll, who (you remember) found Lucy Grey's pigeon at the rum-seller's, and carried it back to her.

The procession first moved down to an old distillery—a singular place, you will say,

for a temperance celebration. This distillery was in operation when I was a boy, twenty-five years ago. It was burned down some years since, but was at once rebuilt. Now it was about to be turned into a foundry, and the new owner permitted us to meet in it on this occasion. The reformed drunkards, assisted by the young men, and the lads of the Cold Water Army, had carried in branches of trees, and fastened them up around the black beams, so as to make the old distillery look quite cheerful and gay, especially when the procession, with all its banners had come in, and were arranged about the stage. The meeting was opened by singing the following hymn :

HYMN FOR THE CELEBRATION IN THE
DISTILLERY.

We crowd, O God, these ransomed walls,
With thankful praise to thee alone ;
Each beating heart with rapture calls,
For songs and honours to thy throne.

Where darkness late bore dreary sway,
Where ruin stalked beside the Still,
Shines the pure light of virtue's ray,
Obedient to Jehovah's will.

To thee, O God, the praise belongs;
To thee alone shall praise be paid—
Receive the tribute of our songs,
By morning light and evening shade.

Speeches were made, and the walls of the old distillery, which had formerly echoed to oaths and coarse jests, and the loud, vulgar laugh of the drunkard, now rung with the lively songs of Temperance. "What a change!" was in everybody's mouth.

I will not try to repeat the speeches that were made; but I must relate to you one fact stated by one of the speakers.

"You see," said he, "that painting, in the middle of that flag which the ladies have been so kind as to present to the Washingtonian Society. After that was painted, our friend Mr. Barnes rolled it up in a paper one evening, to carry it home, that the ladies might sew it on to the flag. When he got home he unrolled the paper; but the painting was gone. It had slipped out on the way without his knowing it. For some time nobody could tell where it was. But after a while the captain of your Cold

Water Army, James Carroll, who is always wide awake for the cause of Temperance, (as the soldiers are that he commands,) found out where it was. It was in Jim Galt's dirty dram-shop. A pauper from the almshouse picked it up, and sold it to Galt for two glasses of rum. James went and paid Mr. Galt for the rum, and brought away the painting, and there it is. The wonder is, that any thing could stay so long in a rum-shop and come out so clean."

After the meeting in the distillery, the procession formed again, and marched to a beautiful grove, where the long tables were covered with every thing good ; and there we had a delightful time. After we had done all we could towards clearing the tables, we had some more short speeches, and sung some songs. We used to think that we could not have a lively and merry time on the fourth of July without wine and spirit to cheer us up ; but I never saw a more lively and merry gathering of old and young, than I saw in that grove and in that old distillery.

And now I must tell you about Thanks-

giving-day—that day which in New England is so dear to all who enjoy the blessings of a good home. It was a happy day to the reformed men among us, and to their families; and one of the chief things for which they gave thanks on that day was a *restored home*. The drunkard may be said almost to have no home: for what do we mean by that sweet word? HOME is not merely a house with some furniture and people in it, where we go to eat and drink and sleep. All the comforts and luxuries in the world cannot make it a home without something else. What is that something else? What is it that makes our home a home to us? It is the kindness and love of those that dwell there; and when we are absent from that home on Thanksgiving-day, it is the thought of the kind and loving parents and friends that are there, that makes us long to go and see their happy faces around that fireside.

But what has the drunkard to do with kindness and love? He who has, by his unkindness, robbed his home of the peace and

joy that once were there! It was once a happy home, and year after year he rejoiced with his family on Thanksgiving-day at the peaceful, cheerful fireside, and at the festive board loaded with the bounties of a kind Providence. But now his dwelling is no longer a home. The comforts, the tender offices, the quiet and sweet joys of home are gone. The woful desolation of intemperance broods there now. But if that drunkard reforms, that home becomes a real home again—its peace and its joys are restored, and what a restoration! Here is the spot where the change, produced by reformation from drunkenness, appears greater than anywhere else. We see the drunkard reeling through the streets ragged and filthy; he is a miserable object, and we pity him. But to know the worst of the woes of intemperance, we must follow him to his home; and it is there, in the bosom of his family, that intemperance has done its most cruel work. So, too, if we see the reformed man, clean and well-dressed and cheerful, passing along, we say, there goes a good citizen and

a happy man, and we rejoice over the blessed fruits of his reformation. But if we want to witness the best and richest of these fruits, we must go with him to his home, and see him in the midst of his happy family. He is again to them a husband and a father, and his kindness and love have made that abode, which had been so long miserable and desolate, a *home* again.

There lives not far from my house a family in which the change produced by the temperance reformation was peculiarly interesting. The mother of the family, many years ago, obtained a divorce from her husband, and he had been for a long time a wretched vagabond. Two years since he reformed, and after he had kept his pledge for a year, he was married again to his wife on the evening before Thanksgiving-day: and on that day the whole family, which was a numerous one, assembled at their restored home, to give thanks together for what God had done for them. Their table was loaded with the good things that our friend Mr. Barnes and others had sent in to them.

Our minister, in his sermon on the first Thanksgiving-day after the Washingtonian reformation had begun among us, in enumerating the causes for thankfulness, spoke particularly of this reformation. He spoke of the many families, who, for years, had not enjoyed the blessings of a happy Thanksgiving-day, but who now could give thanks to God, that Temperance had during the past few months been sent as a messenger of peace and joy to their households. "Gather, then, your families," said he, "around the festive board, and thank God that he has enabled you to reform, and pray to Him to give you strength to keep your pledge. On this day of Thanksgiving be sure to acknowledge your dependence on him. If you do not, but vainly rely on your own strength, temptation may prove too strong for you, and you will fall."

Full of meaning were these words to one of his hearers. John Mason was one of the first to sign the pledge. He relied upon his own strength, and felt sure that he never should yield to temptation. But he did.



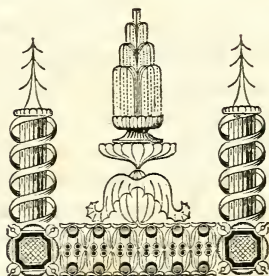


"And now the Dramseller was
so cruel as to exult
on his fall."

Some of his old companions succeeded in enticing him to drink a little. That little fired his appetite again, just as a little spark will light up a quenched brand. He wanted more and more till he became beastly drunk. And now the dram-seller, that gave him the liquor, was so cruel as to exult over his fall. He actually played on his fiddle for a set of ragged drunkards to dance around poor Mason, as he lay in the middle of the floor.

Mrs. Mason went to that shop, and amidst the jeers and insults of the rum-seller and his wretched customers, persuaded her husband to be carried home. When he recovered from his debauch, what agony of mind did he suffer, because he had broken that sacred pledge! He resolved to sign it again. When he was about to do it, his wife threw her arms around his neck and said to him, "Husband, I hope you will do it, feeling your dependence on God—he alone can keep you from falling again." With eyes turned upward to heaven, he said, "O God, forgive—help—" and burst

into tears. His feelings were so strong that he could say no more. But that prayer, short as it was, like the prayer of the publican, has been answered. God has, we trust, forgiven him, and has helped him to keep that pledge.



CHAPTER XV.

A WALK ABOUT TOWN.

A FEW days ago I had a long conversation about temperance with my little son George and two of his cousins, who had come to make him a visit. The boys were so much interested in what I told them, that I at once proposed to them a ramble about our beautiful town, to show them what great things temperance had done here. They were very much pleased with what they saw, and talked a great deal about it, and had many questions to ask, which I answered as well as I could. Perhaps you may also be amused and instructed, if I describe to you some of the things that we saw in our walk.

Just beyond my house we passed the shop of Mr. Simonds, the blacksmith. We heard his merry song as he hammered away

on his anvil ; and we saw his wife, a perfect pattern of neatness and grace, at the same front door where I used to see her twenty-five years ago.

“ Mrs. Simonds is a very pleasant woman, father,” said George.

“ I should know she was, by her looks,” said one of the cousins.

A little further on stands a very plain old house. A nice-looking bed was hanging out at one of the windows to air, and the yard at the side of the house was filled with snow-white clothes flapping in the wind. There was a new fence in front of the house, and the old house itself had been whitewashed. Two rosy-cheeked girls, with clean checked aprons on, were playing at the front door.

“ The man that lives there,” said one of the cousins, “ I know is not a drunkard.”

“ He was once, though,” said George. “ Do tell John and Alfred about his taking the laudanum, father.”

I did tell it to them ; and I will tell it to my readers, as briefly as I can. Mr. Parsons was for many years a dreadful drunk-

ard. He used often to come home and break every thing he could lay hold of. At one time he came in and kicked over the table at which the family were sitting, and all the dishes and cups, &c. fell to the floor with one crash. In one of his drunken fits he resolved to kill himself, and took a phial full of laudanum for the purpose. I was sent for and pumped the laudanum out, with a stomach-pump, and was rejoiced to be thus the means of saving his life. He was afterwards very grateful to me, and as a testimony of his gratitude, he made a beautiful chain for my little daughter. He is a good workman, and he spared no pains in making it. I prize it, however, not so much on this account, as I do because of the pleasant associations connected with it.

While we talked about Mr. Parsons, we came to a place where some men were raising the frame of a new house. I said to the boys, "You see but six men at work in raising that large house. Twenty years ago the house opposite, which is not quite as large, was raised, and it took more than

forty to do it. You know that then all the neighbourhood used to come together at a raising, and commonly drank a pail or two of mixed spirit. In these days it is very seldom that any accident occurs at a raising. But in those drinking times it was very common for somebody to get hurt: for spirit makes people reckless and careless, even when they have not drank enough to make them talk or walk amiss.

A little distance beyond this we came to a lane, which we followed. The name of it had always been Groggy Lane, so far back as I could remember. It contained some half a dozen small houses. None but the miserable families of drunkards had lived there; and any one who wished to be neat and orderly and respectable, would be sure not to hire a house in Groggy Lane. The houses were dirty, and the lane was dirty, and dirty children might always be seen there, as dirty as the pigs that ran up and down that lane with perfect freedom. But now the whole scene is changed: for all but one of these houses are occupied by tetotal-

ers. "About time to change the name of this lane, Doctor," said one of them to me, who was whitewashing the fence in front of his house. "If we cannot make Joe Clark sign the pledge," continued he, "we must get him out of that house in some way, and put a tetotaler in there; and then we will call this lane by some cold water name—Spring Lane, perhaps."

"Comfort Alley," said one of the boys.

"Yes, yes," said he, laughing. "You belong to the Cold Water Army, I know, my boy."

Shortly after, we met a bright, smiling little girl, trotting along, with a basket on her arm. I had often seen her about the streets begging from house to house, with naked feet when it was almost winter. Then she was very ragged; but now she was dressed so tidily that at first I did not know her. She had a cheerful look, too, that she never had when she went about begging.

"Why do you not come to our house, now," said I to her, "to get cold victuals, as you used to, Jane?"

“O,” said she, “we have warm victuals now, and a plenty of them. Father has signed the pledge; and when he did it, he said that I should not go out begging any more. You do not know, Doctor, how happy and comfortable we are at our house now!”

As we turned into another street we saw a man who had just come out of Mr. Ransom’s shop, and a singular looking man he was. He had a boot on one foot and a shoe on the other. His hat was turned on one side, and a part of the rim of it was gone. His clothes were covered with patches, and one sleeve of his coat was almost torn off, and hung dangling from his arm, as he raised a bottle aloft and swung it around, and said, “I am for liberty and good manners, I am. I know,” continued he, “what gentlemanly treatment is, and I am not going to be insulted. I have paid Mr. Ransom a good deal of money. I have been a good customer of his, and he cannot deny it. And now to tell me that I talk too loud, and turn me out of his shop—it is not civil.

I will not bear it." And back he went to dispute with Mr. Ransom about it. As we went on, George said to me, "Well, father, I think old Brown had a good right to complain about Mr. Ransom's turning him out of his shop. He has always got his rum there, and it is the rum that has made him so ragged and dirty, and he would not have talked so loud if he had not been drinking. If Mr. Ransom makes people drunkards, and then they act badly, he is the last man, I am sure, that ought to find fault with them."

John and Alfred thought what George said was true, and so did I.

Not far from Mr. Ransom's shop stands an old brown house, in which live two reformed men with their families. "Some gloomy scenes," said I to the boys, "have I witnessed in that south room, where you see that little girl at the window. I have seen two horrid deaths there. The first was the death of a woman. She slipped out of her chair in a drunken fit. She lay there for a long time with one foot in the fire. She was

so insensible that she knew nothing about it, and a part of her foot was burned into the bone. This brought on the locked jaw, and she died in great agony. The other was the death of a Mr. Baird, who was once the keeper of a large hotel. He learned to drink the liquors that he kept in his bar, and became a drunkard, and brought his family to want. In his last sickness he had convulsions, and blood ran from his mouth and nose; and, as he rolled about upon his bed, every thing around him was stained with blood. His face was covered with blood; and as it dried on to his beard, it made his face look horridly. It was an awful sight, and I pitied his poor wife and daughters who had to see it. And now what a contrast! In that same room you may now see one of the happiest families to be found anywhere—happy in the reformation of the husband and father of it, who had been for many years a shiftless, wretched drunkard.”

We met this man coming home with a wheel-barrow loaded with provisions. He

was accompanied by the occupant of the other part of the house, who had a well-filled bag slung over his shoulders.

“Well, well,” said I, “you tetotalers go home well loaded.”

“Yes,” said he with the wheelbarrow, “a wheelbarrow of provisions is better than a jug of rum.”

“And a bag is better than a bottle,” said the other.

In the course of our ramble I called to see a sick child of an Irishman, Mr. Mahoney. I have known the family for several years. Mr. Mahoney has been a drunkard; and the first time that I was called into the family, they lived miserably. I never saw a more filthy and comfortless an apartment than their's was then. There were no chairs; but a bench or two instead of them. There was no bed-stead, and a straw bed lay in one corner of the room. The child that was sick at that time, lay on that bed, covered with a mass of rags. It moaned piteously: for it had only the care which a drunken mother gave it. But now they

had two rooms ; and in the room where we found the child there was a pretty carpet, a bureau, some new chairs, and a looking-glass, too : for now they cared to keep their faces clean. The same little girl lay now on a clean, comfortable bed, and had a clean, kind mother to take care of her.

After I had prepared some powders for the child, I rallied Mrs. Mahony a little about her new carpet. "O," said she, "since Mr. Mahoney and I have joined the Temperance society he has plenty of money, and he can buy 'most any thing. I've only to spake the word, and he gets any thing I want. He's good to me now—yes, he is so."

I asked her about Mr. Sullivan, who lives in the other part of the house. "He does badly," said she. "He gets drunk and comes home and bates his wife, and does every thing that is bad."

"But he signed the pledge?" said I.

"Yes ; but he's as bad as iver again, only tin times worse."

“Was he a tetotaler long enough to get a carpet?” asked I.

“O Doctor, the carpet plases ye,” said she, laughing. “Yes, sir, he had a carpet, indeed; but it did not signify. He’s sold it to Mr. Ransom for rum; and they have a plinty of dirt now in place of the carpet.”

“Well,” said I, “Mrs. Mahony, take care and not sell *your* carpet.”

“No fear of that,” said she, “as long as we stick to timperance; and I think we’ll be after sticking to it, so long as it serves us as well as it does now.”

Many other interesting things we saw and talked about; but it would make this chapter too long to tell about them all. There is one place, however, that we visited, that I must tell you about. It is the alms-house. The boys were very much interested in a boy they saw there about the same age with themselves. He is a cripple. He is very pale, and sits bent over in an odd-looking chair, which was made on purpose for him. He is very intelligent and pleasant. He is an ingenious little fellow, and

he cuts out, with his penknife, all sorts of figures, which he sells to visitors. He uses the money that he gets in this way, to buy little comforts for himself, or puts it into a box which the keeper has kindly made for him. The boys bought of him an elephant, a dog and a cat. He has no relative in the world but his father, and he is a vagabond, wandering about and spending all that he gets for rum. He made his little son a cripple by throwing him down stairs when he was drunk, and now he takes no care of him; and so little Jamie has to make the poor-house his home. O, how much children sometimes suffer from the intemperance of their parents, and how much, therefore, should we be interested in the cause of temperance!

We went into the men's room, and saw there more than a dozen wretched-looking men, some busy in picking oakum, some lying in their bunks, some talking, and some looking as if they hardly had a thought in their heads. One man was mending an old shoe. I knew him well, once, as one of our

most respectable merchants. I remember just how he used to look when I was a boy, as he drove through our streets with his gay, white horse. We boys used to wish that we could be such a dashing man as Mr. Chilson was. And now he is cobbler to an alms-house, and mends all the dirty shoes of those old men and women.

The keeper told us that there were thirty persons in the house. Seventeen of these, he said, were intemperate, and nine more were there because those that ought to take care of them were drunkards. So that there were only four out of the whole thirty that need to be in the poor-house, if there were no such thing as intemperance. And though there are more than twice as many people in the town as there were twenty years ago, there are not near so many persons in the alms-house as there were then. There used to be between forty and fifty, and now there are only thirty. If there was as much intemperance now as there was then, in proportion to the number of people in the town, there would be in the alms-house

now more than eighty persons instead of thirty.

One circumstance, which the keeper told us, interested us much. A blind old woman, who had been in the house for many years, was the other day visited by her son. He had neglected to take care of his mother, because he was a drunkard. As she had nobody else to look to, and was blind, she had to go to the alms-house for a home. Her son had now reformed, and he had come to take her to a home that he had provided for her. When he came in and spoke kindly to her, she cried for joy. "My son," said she, "O, my son! O, that my eyes could be opened to see you—just for once! But I ought not to murmur. Blessed be God, I can hear your kind voice, and kiss you, and again call you my son, my George." And she kissed him again and again, and moved her fingers over and over his face, and down on his neck to a scar left by a wound which he had when he was a boy. "That scar," said she, as she touched it. "What a



sweet boy you was, George, when you got that cut. What you have done since! I forgive it all, my boy; and you're my sweet child now again, come back to your poor, old, blind mother, to comfort me before I die."



CHAPTER XVI.

PARTING WORDS.

SOME of my readers may, perhaps, say, "After all, what have we to do with Temperance? We are nothing but boys and girls. We can do nothing to help along this reformation."

Now I want to show you, before I leave you, that you can do a great deal.

You remember what father Johnson said to me about making it *sure* that I never should be a drunkard. So I say to you—if you wish to be *sure* of never becoming drunkards, never taste a drop of spirit of any kind as a drink. You may be asked to drink sometimes. If you should be, refuse, not saucily, but modestly, respectfully, and yet firmly. And your example, although you are so young, may be followed by some

that are older; and thus you may do much for temperance.

Remember in what way the temptation always comes. People will never ask you to drink a *great deal*. They always talk about a *little*. A little, say they, will not hurt you. *Beware of that little*. Every drunkard began by drinking a *little*.

Let me say here to the young lads that may be reading these pages, you will very soon be young men, and then you may be tempted by drinking young men, with whom you may meet, to break your good resolutions. And even girls will not be entirely away from temptation when they grow up. Now I want you to be prepared to resist these temptations. How shall we be prepared? you will ask. I will tell you. Begin now, while you are children, to look at the evils of intemperance and the blessings of temperance. Talk about them with your parents, your teachers, and your schoolmates. Have your temperance meetings, and Cold Water Armies, and processions, and picnics, and sing the temperance songs that have

been written for you. I hardly think that a boy or girl that had joined in singing "Sparkling and bright," or "Away the bowl," would ever be tempted to drink any kind of intoxicating drink. I recollect once hearing an Irishman say to another who stood with him, looking on a procession of the Cold Water Army, "That's fine, Patrick. How pretty and happy they look. I'm after thinking that none of them will iver sell rum or drink it. They will always be for timperance."

"Indeed they will," replied his friend.

If there are any children of drunkards among your schoolmates, pity them and be very kind to them. Never, never reproach them for their father's drunkenness, for they are not to blame for it. A little girl once went home from school crying as if her heart would break, and she said to her mother, "I don't want to go to school any more—they plague me so because father drinks." It was very cruel to do so; and I hope none that read this book will ever be guilty of such unkindness to a schoolmate.

I have seen boys sometimes run after drunken men, and call them names, and throw sticks and even stones at them. This is wrong, very wrong. You should pity the drunkard because he is such a slave to his appetite, and be kind to him. It is by kindness that so many drunkards have been reformed; and *your* kindness is just as important as the kindness of anybody else, and may do as much good.

Be thankful that you live in these days of temperance. When I was young, boys and girls were tempted to drink just as they were tempted to do any thing else. Many of my playmates, as you have seen, became drunkards, and it is a wonder that more did not. But it is different with you. You are taught not to drink, and I hope that no one of you, nor of your playmates, will ever be a drunkard.

You have seen, in the sketches that I have given you, how Temperance began, and how it has advanced, *step by step*, to its present prosperous state. The first step was to arouse people to see the evils of intem-

perance, and to desire to find some way of getting rid of them. This prepared the way for the second step, which was a great one—the adoption of the old pledge. When this had done its work, and the community had become ready for the next step, it was taken—viz., the *new* or *tetotal* pledge. A few years after this, (in 1841,) the next great step was taken, which was a general reformation among drunkards.

You have seen that the beginning of the Temperance cause was a small beginning. Very little good seemed to be done at first. But now how many thousands it has delivered from the woes of drunkenness; and its work is not done yet. Thousands and thousands more are yet to be saved, even in this country; and then we hope, too, that temperance is to spread all over the world.

And now, does the reader wish to help on this good cause? Do you wish to do your part in blessing the families of drunkards with the joys of Temperance? There are children just like you in those families, who suffer from the neglect and cruelty of

their drunken parents. Do you pity them? and do you wish to do what you can to give them as happy a home as you have?

“Yes, yes,” I know you all will say.

I have told you how you can do it. *Think, talk, sing and work* for the cause of Temperance now, while you are boys and girls, and then when you come to be men and women, you will be better soldiers in this good cause than your fathers and mothers have been before you.

May your kind heavenly Father watch over you and preserve you from all the snares of the tempter, and guide you in paths of righteousness, for His name's sake.







